

The Mondy Morning

CHRONICLE

Family Poop Sheet since 1990

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Published by Harrison and Margaret Mondy

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It wasn't white feathers
It was white, white snow
For winter has come
To New Mexico

weight so I will have to go to class to learn
what to feed him.

I will keep you advised as things go
along. Love, Linda

* * *

Yep. On Friday the 12th when I got up the temperature was 41 degrees and the sky looked like snow. The temperature then fell to 33 degrees and I yelled at Jim to look out the window. Soon we were having a miniature blizzard, couldn't see the neighbor's house. Lasted about half an hour and by mid-afternoon the sun was out and most of the snow was gone. Every year since we have been here, we have had snow during the first two weeks in October.

From **Linda (Jinks) Phelps** (10/12/01)

"Took **Roger** to ER tonight as he was having pain in his left side. They took blood samples and did an X-ray. The blood shows he is a full-blown diabetic. The doctor decided to call for a cat-scan since it had been six months since his last one. The only thing that showed up was that his aneurysm has grown to 5.1 cm from 4.7 cm when it was discovered. The doctor told us at that time he did not like to operate until the aneurysm was 5 centimeters (about 2 inches) in extent.

"We go next Monday for more tests. They hope they can control his diabetes with pills which means I will have to prick his finger every day. He will also have to lose

From the **Duffers** (10/4/01)

"We are still creeping around and I do mean creeping, but we are still getting around and for that I am grateful. I went to the doctor the other day. He x-rayed me and said that me my right hip and left knee were beyond repair except for a complete replacement, which he said would be impossible except for emergency. I was in great pain and asked if he could do anything about that since I cannot take pain pills so he gave me shots in my hip and knee which nearly killed me but it has done away with the intense pain. So now I just have pain that is not nearly as bad, and we thank the Lord for that. I use the walker most of the time.

"**Russell** got his check-up and he is doing real well except we both have arthritis and that does hurt, as most of you know. He also uses a walker. Our house is not made for walkers so June mad us some signs, **NO PASSING HERE, ONE-WAY STREET**, and some **SPEED LIMIT** signs. So we are both "doing fine for the shape we're in".

"**Jerry** just called and asked if I thought I could make it to church on the 11th. My 90th birthday is on the 15th but the

(Duffers continued)

church wanted to give me a reception and that would be better on the 11th, so I said that would be alright by me. Some of the grand-kids want to come and Sunday is best for them. All except the granddaughter who is too far away, will be here. I think **Lois'** birthday is just before mine and **Bertha** is next in line but I think she is a dab younger. *[My records show Lois born Tuesday, October 10, 1911 and Bertha born on Wednesday, August 17, 1913. Harrison]*

"We have had the nicest rain today and we really needed it. We have had such perfect weather for the past ten days and we have sat outside a lot. We are expecting it to turn cooler over the week-end. We are getting our furnace ready this week but probably won't need it before November, just a chill breaker.

"Our hearts are broken over the tragedy in New York and Washington, DC. We like you are praying that the ones involved will be caught and handled without another world war. This would be the third one in my lifetime. I remember the guns shooting, whistles blowing and bells ringing on November 11, 1918 when I was just seven years old.

Love to all, RA and Russell.

* * *

We missed a great opportunity to see **Bertha and Bessie** because of Margaret's accident. **Bea Taylor** had written me a letter saying she was expecting them at her place so I was expecting a call from them to let me know if and when they expected to arrive at our house. They called either on Friday night or on Saturday morning (I'm not sure which) and I told them where to meet me and how to call me for they would need me

to guide them to my house.

Then at ten o'clock Sat. morning Margaret fell and broke her hip. The medics took her to the hospital, and I called her nephew, Mark Miller and he came to the hospital to wait with me. I didn't know what to do about the impending visit for which Margaret and I had prepared, and were expecting them about 3 o'clock. I had told them that we had beds for all of them and expected them to stay at the house. When it looked like Margaret would not be x-rayed until late in the afternoon, we sent Mark to the house to wait for their call. Marg was finally X-rayed and I came home. Mark said they hadn't called and I was about ready to go back to the hospital with some things Margaret wanted when Bessie called and I explained things to her. She said they would go to a motel. When I got to the hospital Margaret was upset because I didn't tell them to come on to the house where she already had beds made for them. I owe the four of them an apology for not doing so but I just wasn't thinking straight. Hope all of you forgive my stupidity. We had wanted you to see our house for we probably will have sold it before you get another chance.

* * *

Margaret received a Get-well card from **Bessie** today (Thursday) in which she said I could expect a letter for the Chronicle telling about her trip.

* * *

Received an email from **Nell** today saying that **Cecil Sitz** had passed away but that **Lois'** health was improving. Don't know more at this time.

* * *

A note from **Pat** (Mondy) says she is still having trouble getting her flights to London and Paris settled. 9/11 threw a monkey-wrench into a lot of gears.

* * *

A LIFE LOST, A LIFE SAVED

On Saturday, 27th, I received an email from **Larry Rhodes** which said, in part, "It is with sadness that I must tell you of the death of my brother, **Edward H. Rhodes**, known to most of you as "Butch". He died peacefully in his sleep on Wednesday, October 24, 2001. The diagnosis was cardiac arrest. He was living in a personal care home where he was being treated for his lifelong affliction of severe schizophrenia. The body has been cremated and there will be a family memorial service in the future. We will advise everyone of the date, time and location.

Also on Saturday I received an email from **Judy and Jim Mondy** of Springfield, MO which said, in part, "Jim received his new liver on Thursday, Oct 25th. Surgery lasted ten and a half hours. His liver and kidneys began functioning immediately which was very good news. Because of excess fluids in his body he was left on the ventilator. As of Saturday morning his kidneys were functioning satisfactorily. I will keep you apprized of his progress. (Judy)

Update, Sunday morning:

"I just talked to Jim's nurses in ICU. (Can't go in until 11 am). They have pulled the ventilator this morning and Jim is breathing on his own again. He is more alert and has been cracking a smile every now and then. Keep praying for his recovery. (Judy)

[Isn't modern medicine wonderful? In the "good old days" (??) Margaret would be a cripple for the rest of her life and Jim would just continue to get worse. I would have probably died of gangrene or, at best, have lost a leg a couple of years ago. It is far from perfect but it is growing every year. Young doctors, like Brecken will be in a few years, will wonder how we survived without the tools available to her when she is out practicing medicine or surgery. Two weeks ago, two surgeons in the US performed an operation on a man in France by long-distance manipulation of special tools.]

* * *

Update on **Margaret**. She is now walking (carefully) without her walker except when we go in the car. We still intend to attend **Ercil's** 90th celebration next weekend.

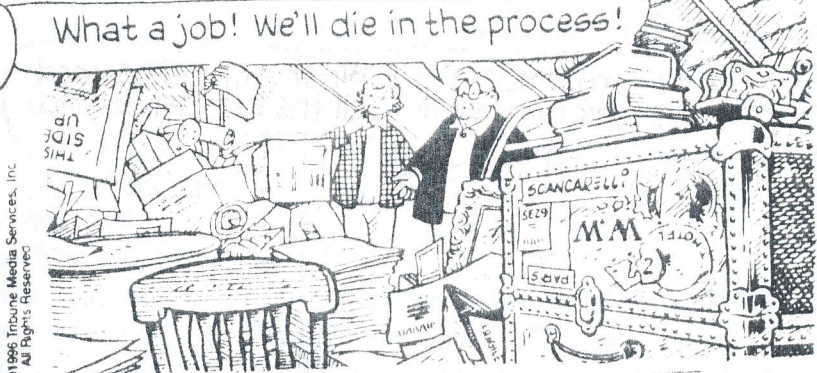
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I am running out of time, must get this issue out. I do have a filler, however, so I will get my stamp's worth.

For several weeks people keep sending me the story of a little girl who filled a box full of kisses and gave it to her father as a Christmas gift. There is a prequel to this story, in the form of a comic strip which I printed in the Chronicle several years ago. I hope I'm not charged with plagiarism if I repeat it. Of course it means more to us older ones for we remember when Skeeze was left on Uncle Walt's doorstep in a basket. I believe the story applies to all of us who are faced with the problem of throwing away our memories. The trouble is, the memories belong only to us to whom they are precious and are worthless to others.

GASOLINE ALLEY

Jim Scancarelli



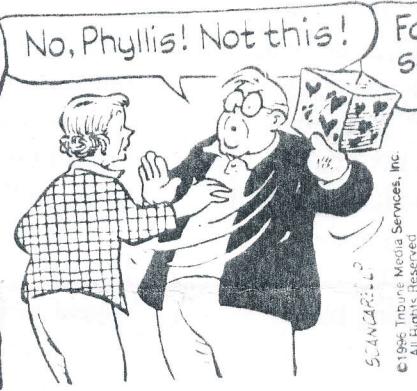
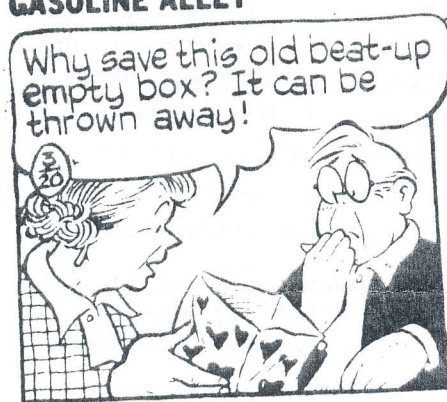
GASOLINE ALLEY

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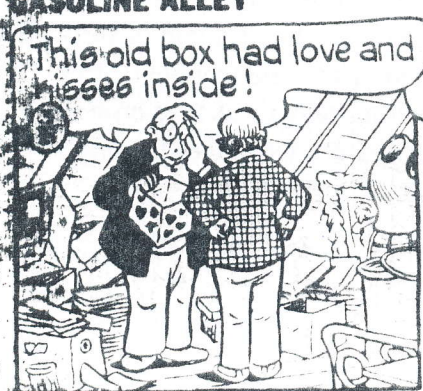
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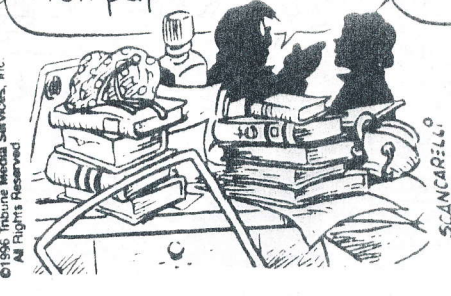
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GASOLINE ALLEY

Skeezix was very small and wrapped this box himself!

What a mess! He used all the expensive gold foil paper on it!

I fussed at him for wasting the paper... ..and he cried!



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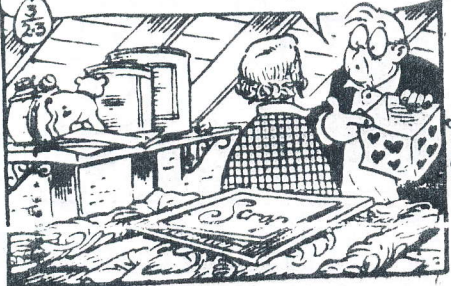
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GASOLINE ALLEY

When I opened the package Skeezix had wrapped ...

..it was empty!

I got on his case again for playing a trick on me! Again, he cried!



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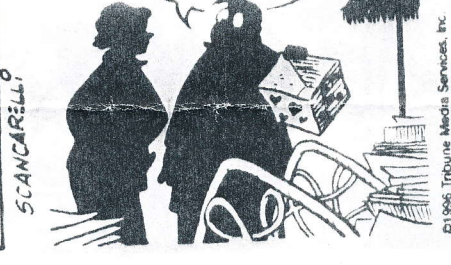
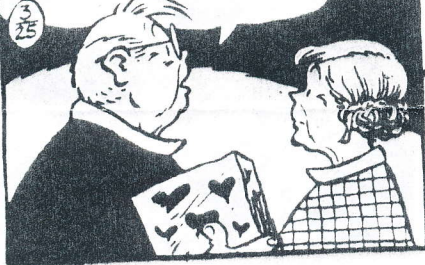
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GASOLINE ALLEY

Skeezix told me not to be mad because the box wasn't empty at all!

He had blown hundreds of kisses into it - for me!

I cried!



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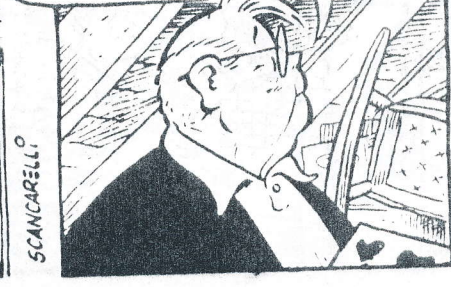
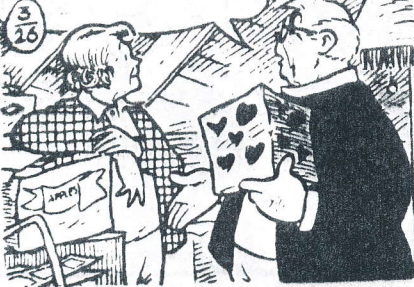
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GASOLINE ALLEY

Skeezix said to keep the box always...

..and when I was feeling down or he wasn't around...

..there would always be a kiss to be had!

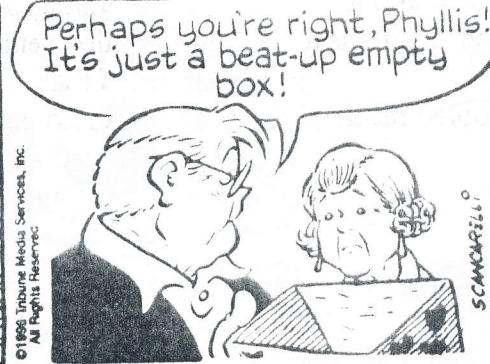


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GASOLINE ALLEY

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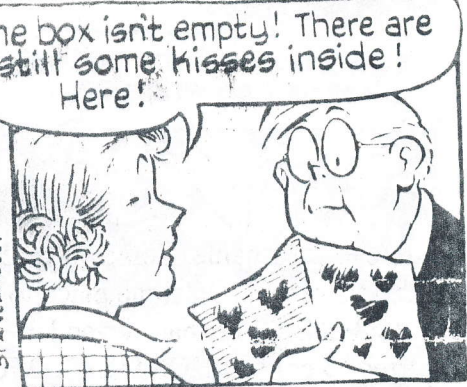
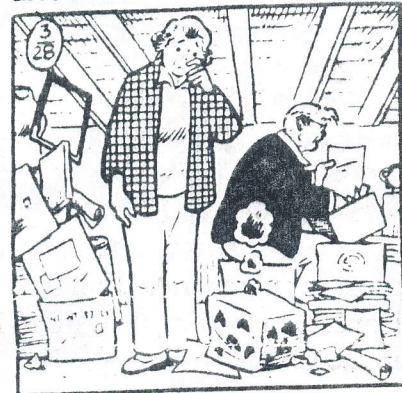


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Whenever any catastrophe occurs, you can bet someone will try to read into it something calamitous and ask if it is a coincidence.

From several people I received the following:

Date of attack: 9/11, $9+1+1=11$
9/11 is day 254 of the year, $2+5+4=11$
Area code for Iraq/Iran = 119. $1+1+9=11$
First plane to hit tower was Flight 11
Flight 11 had 92 on board, $9+2=11$
Flight 77 had 65 on board $6+5=11$
Was this a coincidence?

Dave Dawson says: "How worried should I be? There are eleven letters in DAVID DAWSON. I would go into hiding but YOU CAN'T HIDE has eleven letters. THOSE CROOKS are after me, note the eleven letters in their name. Somewhere on Planet Earth there must be some place to hide, but PLANET EARTH has eleven letters. I started to consult NOSTRADAMUS but noticed his name has eleven letters. I would have turned to THE RED CROSS, but found eleven letters there too. I would rely on SELF DEFENSE but there is eleven letters there. If anyone can help me SEND ME EMAIL, no, no. there's eleven letters there! I must be going insane, GOING INSANE? It's beginning to look like I'LL DIE ALONE. And it looks like America is doomed. Independence Day is 7/4. You can add as well as I can. Looks like I'm DOOMED TO DIE. (Eleven letters)

All one has to do is apply a little COMMON SENSE to discover it's ALL NONSENSE.

* * *

From **Larry Rhodes** (extracted from an email to Margaret)

"Had a long conversation with my youngest son, **Mike**, yesterday. He is in his first semester of Law School at University of Texas.. Having switched from Engineering to Law and having not been in College for a year, he says he is having difficulty making the adjustment. He says the two disciplines require two completely different types of reasoning. I'm not worried, - he is a bright student and will make the adjustment.

"**Ashley**, a cheerleader at UT, fell while performing at a soccer match and fractured her sacrum. She had cheered at only a couple of games when the accident occurred. tough break but she has no reservations about getting back on the field.

"**Sheila** and I are going to Las Vegas for a business/pleasure trip and booked a trip to Grand Canyon which she has never seen and I have not seen since I was a small child. I think we are taking a train ride from somewhere in Arizona. I'm looking forward to it.

"Keep the Chronicle coming. The last issue was one of the best." **Larry**.

* * *

From **Ina Hall**

I am so sorry to hear about Margaret's accident and I can certainly sympathize with her. I have been there, and I know the pain one has to go through. It has been said that we would not have any pain we could not bear and I thank the Lord I was able to bear it. The rehab center I went to was pure torture. I still take some of the exercises and feel they are good for me. I am confined to a wheelchair which I don't mind. I can manage it very well and do not need someone to push it. For a 92 year-old I think I'm doing quite well. Hope Margaret is well on the way to recovery. (Ina)

A LEGEND OF THE CROSS

(H. C. Mondy)

There are probably more legends associated with the Cross on which Jesus was crucified than any other item. I have read that there are at least fourteen nails that are said to have been used to hold Him to the cross. And there are probably enough "splinters from the cross" held as sacred icons by the churches throughout the world to build a small house. But it is the legends that interest me..

In the 18th chapter of Genesis there is the story of the three visitors who came to see Abraham and told him that a year hence Sarah would have a son. Both Sarah and Abraham were quite old and Sarah laughed at the prophesy. The three visitors then left.

Here is where the legend begins. The three visitors went away, leaving behind their three staffs, which, of course, Abraham kept. You will remember the story of Lot who was living in Sodom which was a wicked town and how he was able to escape, along with his wife and two daughters before God destroyed it and Gomorrah. His wife looked back and turned to a pillar of salt (which still stands today, as the inhabitants will be glad to show you). Later Lot's two daughters seduced Lot and each had a son by him, one named Moab (who became the progenitor of the Moabites) and the other named Ammon (ancestor of the Ammonites). The seduction supposedly happened while he was so drunk he did not know what he was doing. But according to the legend, he did know and went to Abraham to get forgiveness for his sin and Abraham gave him the three staffs left behind by the visitors and told him to take them and plant them outside Jerusalem and water them with water from the Jordan River (a long way to carry water). If they grew, he would know his sins were forgiven..

The instant he poured water on them, they began to grow into a single tree one third of which was cedar, one third, pine, and one third cypress. When Solomon decided to build the temple, the tree was cut down to use in the temple but they could find no place for it so it was cursed and thrown out.

About 900 years later, the old log was found and made into the cross on which Jesus was crucified. Today, if you are in the environs of Jerusalem, and can get someone to take you to the Monastery of the Cross you will find an alter built over a hole, the hole where the strange tree of the cross grew from the staffs left behind by Abraham's visitors.